

THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Cowper.*



"IS YOUR NAME MAURICE HARFORD?"

HIS ONLY ENEMY.

CHAPTER II.—DRIFTING APART.

"IT'S no use, Allen; I tell you it's no use going again over the old ground, and wasting all your good common-sense upon me."

"Don't say wasting, Maurice."

"Yes, Allen, it's a fact; I know all the chapter of my shortcomings as you would read it, and what does the knowledge avail me? Nothing; I am still

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given up to my own devices, and as far from amendment as ever. You'll have to give it up, dear old fellow, for it's no use trying to mould your idle brother to your own wise pattern; you tried it when we were years younger and failed. It's not in me, Allen, to be other than I am; just let me drift on with the current, and take the world as pleasantly as I can."

The words were thrown off with a ringing lightness of tone very characteristic of the speaker, but

PRICE ONE PENNY.

for once they veiled some deeper feeling—perhaps also some passing regret for the disappointment which he knew that he was inflicting on his brother. There was something almost pathetic about that confession of unfitness for the higher world of action and thought in which the elder brother lived. Gay, handsome, but thoughtless, and weak withal, Maurice Harford had an irresistible way of propitiating the good opinion of those around him, who found it difficult to resist being influenced by his airy, pleasant manner, and happy, easy temper, which seldom was ruffled. Altogether he seemed on the best terms with himself. To get the greatest amount of enjoyment in life with the least possible trouble or care was his object.

Maurice Harford at twenty-six was just as he had been at fifteen—the first thought and care of his elder brother; just as much his charge as when they both knelt by their dying mother's bed, and when she, with almost her last breath, earnestly charged Allen to watch over Maurice in the future days. That promise had been given without one selfish thought or jealous regret for the larger measure of love which from his cradle she had meted out to the younger brother. Allen had been the one to whom the widowed mother had looked for comfort and help, and she had not looked in vain. Still Maurice had been her Benjamin, and her heart was with him to the last; and this the elder brother knew. But it had made no difference to his strong, patient heart, no difference to the unswerving fidelity with which he had kept his faith to the dead and to the living.

The brothers were sitting together in the cheerful dining-room of the large, old-fashioned house which had come to them, like the rest of their worldly possessions, from their eccentric Uncle David, the late wealthy owner of the extensive oil-cloth factory which formed an important feature in the country town of Deanfield. For years it had found employment for a large section of its labouring population, and had stimulated enterprising builders to run up a new suburb of cottages, which formed an imposing colony round the huge building. In fact, the townspeople said that old David Harford and his oil-cloths had been the making of Deanfield. Tradition described him as one who had pushed his own way in the world, fighting hard in the beginning of life's battle, and owing the victory to his own industry and energy. He died an old bachelor, in spite of several bright-eyed spinsters in Deanfield who had done their best to captivate the wealthy manufacturer, leaving everything to his nephews, the two sons of his only brother, whom he had adopted after the death of their father. The business was to be carried on by Allen, who was to take his uncle's place as head of the firm, his younger brother Maurice being admitted as junior partner. These were the conditions of the old man's will, which he knew would be faithfully fulfilled by Allen, whose character came nearer his own ideal type than any one he had met throughout his long life. Of Maurice he had always expressed a doubt, thereby causing much pain to the elder brother, whose generous efforts had never been quite successful in keeping those two upon the best terms with each other. Keen-sighted Uncle David could never bring himself to rely upon the bright, fitful, unstable lad whom he always declared to have been spoiled by over-fondness and indulgence. "It's not from any want of liking to the lad," he

once owned to Allen; "I dare say I might come to spoil him as much as you do if I let myself give way. But I don't; I give him bitters because they are wholesome physic, and help to counteract the sweets he gets from others. I tell you, Allen, the lad would have shown better stuff if life had been a little harder for him—if he had been obliged to rough it, and depend more upon himself. Perhaps," the old man had added, with a softer inflection of voice, "if he had no brother at hand to take out the thorns from his roses, and make everything pleasant for him. But never mind, my boy, I don't know that I would have things altered, and we must hope all will turn out for the best."

This talk had taken place between the uncle and nephew a few months before the old man's death. From that time until the end there was a perceptible change in his treatment of the younger brother. His manner became kinder, as though taking its tone from Allen's high estimate of his brother. He began to overlook shortcomings that would formerly have caused him much irritation. Maurice accepted the change, and responded to it in his bright, laughing, half-jesting way. Still, it was a response, and generous-hearted Allen was pleased to see it. It seemed to him that a new era of family love and unity was opening for their little household. It gladdened him to think those two were getting to understand and like each other. It was very pleasant to be able to form these new and brighter hopes of Maurice, to picture him steadily growing in favour with his uncle, and trying his best not to disappoint those who believed in him, for Allen fancied that he could discern this improvement in his brother. He might have been less sanguine if he had overheard a little soliloquy of Uncle David's, one night during his last illness, when he was sitting up with him, Maurice absenting himself from such duty on the plea that sick people and sick rooms always made him nervous and uncomfortable.

"Maurice isn't given to self-denial, or troubling his mind about others," the old man had murmured to himself, as he lay, with half-closed eyes, watching Allen; "still, I believe the lad has some good traits, and I'm trying to like him for Allen's sake; but my fear is that some day this idolised brother may wring my boy's heart with sore grief. God grant it may not be; God grant it, for both their sakes."

The death of old David Harford caused a true and deep sorrow to Allen. The old man had been always one of his exalted types of character. Personally, he had become very dear to him in his sickness and helplessness; and his death had left a blank in Allen's life, which even Maurice had not guessed. One evening the brothers were sitting talking together. Allen did not reply to Maurice's last words. Perhaps he was thinking them over in his favourite meditative fashion, for he fell into a reverie, and for some minutes sat gazing absently into the wide, old-fashioned firegrate, which had now a cascade of silver shavings running over its polished bars, in place of the bed of glowing coals, for which Allen had a thorough English appreciation. Ease-loving Maurice tilted back his chair and made himself comfortable in his own way, while he watched Allen's grave face with a look of amused speculation, but at length brought his chair down with a sudden noise that startled Allen. Maurice laughed.

"Come, Allen, if I watch you much longer it will

give me the blues, for you look as if you had just come from a funeral. Let's take a turn round the garden, old fellow, before we say good night. I feel a longing to be out in the air. It is so trying to one's constitution to lose the best part of the summer day in that suffocating den of a counting-house, with the additional torture of being surrounded by the uncongenial sights and sounds of that odious factory. I'm getting to hate the business more than ever, Allen."

The elder brother looked, as he felt, pained. "Hate the business!" he repeated, slowly. "Don't say that, Maurice, don't say it; for the sake of the good old man to whom we owe everything—education, training, social position, and the means of making our way in the world. He was a father to us from the time that it pleased God to take away our own. Remember, too, how he befriended mother when she was most in need of friends, and relieved her from all trouble about her boys and their future. It was for that she prayed God's blessing on Uncle David, and died with the hope that we two would prove our gratitude by trying to do his will and give him all the love and obedience of sons."

"And so we did," struck in Maurice, impulsively. "We did our best; at least," he added, conscientiously correcting himself, "you did, Allen, for I own that I did not do my part as well as I might; but you made up to the old man for all that I came short, just as you do in everything else. You're a dear old fellow, Al, the best brother that ever was born, though you are fond of boring one with long lectures. That's one of your weaknesses, Allen; you come down on a fellow's little faults and shortcomings like a cat on a mouse."

In spite of himself, Allen's serious face relaxed into a smile, though he was conscious just then of a feeling of disappointment in this much-loved brother, who had been little else but a care and anxiety to him from their school-days until now. But the blue eyes beamed so pleasantly upon him, and there was so much boyish audacity and fun rippling over his face, that Allen felt the influence just as irresistible as it had always been. He was about to speak, but Maurice, foreseeing a revival of unpleasant subjects, and a continuance of what he was pleased to call Allen's lecture, checked the words on his brother's lips by reminding him of the stroll in the garden which he had proposed a few minutes since.

"Come, Allen, it will do you good; and if you must find fault with me, you can do it in the garden just as well as here; but do come out, for I feel as if I wanted more room to breathe in."

"Why, do you feel unwell, my boy? you should have mentioned it earlier in the evening."

Allen spoke anxiously, for Maurice was not strong, and was often ailing, although he had such a flow of spirits.

The young man answered, with a smile of reassurance, "I'm well enough, Allen; only a little bit of the old oppression at my side, but very slight, not worth mentioning. Anybody else but you would laugh at me for naming it. The air will set me all right. How anxious you get about me in a minute, Allen, and I'm not worth half the care you give yourself. I have often realised it, but never so strongly as I do to-night. Are you ready?"

They went out from the gas-lighted room into the soft gloom of the garden, where the last lingering

light of the long summer twilight had but lately died. The Harford brothers still adhered to their uncle's old-fashioned rules of keeping early hours. They were met by a delicious waft of cool dew-laden air, fragrant with the breath of sleeping flowers. Maurice gave a deep sigh of relief as they slowly paced the winding garden-paths. More than once he stopped in the middle of their walk and took off his hat. "This is delicious, Allen; if I had been born a gipsy, I could not be fonder of out-door life."

Maurice was very genuine in his expressions of feeling. That evening he gave way to almost boyish excitement—a gay mood, from which Allen's caught some reflected light. His face cleared from the shadow of care and thought which had crept over it in that said reverie when he sat and looked into the empty firegrate. "I am glad you suggested this walk, Maurice," he said, cheerfully; "and I am pleased to see you enjoying it so much. Do you still feel the oppressive sensation?"

"Not a bit, old fellow; I am cured by my own prescription, which, in its way, is just as valuable as if I had received it from your great medical authority, Dr. Kemp; and the good old doctor would admit it himself."

"Very possibly he would, Maurice, for you are one of his favourites, which is remarkable, considering the amount of trouble which you have given him as a patient, and chiefly by your own wilfulness."

"That is true, Allen; I mean with regard to my wilfulness. But in the matter of giving trouble, you have the best right to complain of me, and yet—"

He was interrupted by Allen, whose hand was resting on his shoulder. "It is a right which I have no wish either to recognise or claim, Maurice. There is only one thing that I—"

Here his brother impetuously struck in, taking up the finish of the sentence. "I know what that is, Allen, my dislike to the business and my unwillingness to settle down as an active partner in Harford's oil-cloth factory, and plod on dutifully in the groove marked out for me by Uncle David. There, now, we are drifting back to the old subject, which is getting to be a vexation to both of us."

"There is a remedy for it, Maurice."

"Ah, but we cannot agree what it should be, Allen; your remedy is not mine. You are for keeping on the business, and the rigid fulfilment of the old man's wishes, even to the humouring of his insane whims."

"Maurice!" The utterance of his name in that low, grieved tone, was a rebuke to the thoughtless speaker, and recalled him to a sense of what he had said.

"Forgive me, Allen, I intended nothing unkind to you, or disparaging to the memory of Uncle David, for he was very good to us both; but this sort of talk always excites me so much that I am hardly accountable for my words or their meaning. But in the midst of all, Allen, I can't help lamenting your obstinate conservatism, for it stands in the way of our advancement."

"Indeed; how?" queried the elder brother, with unusual brevity.

"Why, if it was not for your scruples, we might dispose of the factory and the 'good-will' of the business upon very advantageous terms, let or sell this ugly old house, and you and I together, Allen, start a new life for ourselves, with fresh interests and aims—a new life in another sphere, very different to

this small world of Deanfield, where existence goes round like a mill-wheel."

"Where would you like to go?" Allen asked, with a calmness that deceived Maurice, and left him in doubt as to the real impression which his words had produced.

He answered, excitedly, "London, of course, the great centre of energy and enterprise; there would be our fitting field, or, better still, abroad."

The brothers had made the circuit of the garden, and had now reached the gate which opened upon the broad carriage-drive in front of the many-windowed, substantial-looking brick house to which Maurice had made such disparaging allusions. They halted before the gate and lingered, looking along the line of dusty white road leading to Deanfield. At that moment the moon parted a curtain of clouds and cast a silver gleam upon both faces, vividly showing the strong points of personal contrast between the two. The silence continued, both being conscious that the real enjoyment of their walk was gone. Allen felt too much grieved to be able to talk just then, and Maurice was struggling with an uncomfortable irritation of temper, for his brother's silence seemed like a reproach to him. He knew that his desire to leave Deanfield was prompted by fear of some impending danger to himself, of which Allen was ignorant, as well as by selfish longings to gratify his love of change and idle, pleasure-loving tastes, which were being fostered and encouraged by his friend Clarence Mosely. Past experience had taught him that his brother was inflexible in questions of duty, and as he glanced into his face he realised that for the present his wishes were unattainable.

At that moment a light phaeton, drawn by two spirited horses, attracted Maurice Harford's attention. It was coming from Deanfield. The vehicle had a dash and style not generally characteristic of the neighbourhood. The driver managed the reins with careless, confident ease and grace that proclaimed him perfect master of his position. As he drew near the large brick house and caught sight of the two figures at the gate, he reined up suddenly opposite the two brothers.

Maurice joyfully exclaimed, "Why, it is really Clarence Mosely."

The answer was a gay repetition of the speaker's tone. "Yes, it is really Clarence Mosely. Steady, my beauties." This was an aside to the horses, as he leaned forward to grasp the hand extended to him by Maurice, who had advanced to the side of the phaeton. "I am sorry to interrupt your *tête-à-tête* with that amiable brother of yours, but I wanted to know when you are coming over to the Manor, and to give you this." He handed a letter to the young man. "We received a letter from Charlie this morning, and that was enclosed for you. They are ordered home, and he says he's not sorry, for he's sick of cruising in the China Seas. By-the-by, I see the mere sight of my face has been enough to frighten Allen. I had no idea it was so potent."

Maurice reddened and glanced uneasily in the direction of the gate where he had left his brother, but Allen was walking slowly up the path towards the house. Clarence Mosely's quick glance followed that of Maurice, who began an apology for his brother's ungraciousness. It was interrupted by an ironical little laugh.

"Don't be alarmed, old fellow, he did not over-

hear me; and there is no occasion to make excuses for him. You know I am no favourite of his, and—well, I'm not in love with him."

"I wish you two were friends, Clarence, for he is one of the best—"

"There, there, my dear Maurice, I don't dispute he's all you think him; but tell me what day I may expect to see you at Raeburn Manor?"

"Well, I can hardly tell; we are so very busy, and I've promised Allen that I would not shirk my share of the work for the next few weeks, that I would give him all the assistance I could. However, I'll try and come over on Monday or Tuesday next."

The occupant of the carriage merely shrugged his shoulders, an act which Maurice did not fail to notice, and it made him wince, for he had of late become highly susceptible to those significant movements on the part of his friend, who had succeeded in impressing him with the idea that he was demeaning himself by having anything to do with the factory.

Allen was fully aware of the influence which this professed friend had gained over Maurice, and the unworthy use he was making of it, and though he did all he could to counteract the evil, by infusing into his brother's mind a healthier moral tone, he was conscious that Clarence Mosely was undoing his good work, and slowly and surely estranging Maurice from him. He himself had a thorough contempt for his brother's friend, believing him to be inordinately vain, as well as selfish and unscrupulous.

Clarence Mosely knew most of the weak points of his companion's character, and did not hesitate to play upon them whenever it suited his purpose.

Maurice, finding that his friend made no comment upon what he had said, went on, "Unless you have prior engagements on those days; then, of course, I must defer my visit to a more convenient time."

"My dear fellow, either day will suit me; but suppose we say Monday?"

"All right, Clarence, I'll be over early."

"Do, for I've got something I want you to do for me. Come in time for luncheon."

"Well, I'll try."

"Nonsense, say yes or no. I shall expect you, so don't keep us waiting, or you'll get a lecture from the squire."

They chatted together for some time, discussing various topics. At last Clarence Mosely asked, "Have you heard what happened at Fernside this afternoon?"

"No; what was it? Nothing very serious, I hope."

"I should rather think it was. But I may as well tell you that I happened to call there on my way to Deanfield, and was enjoying a delicious *tête-à-tête* with Miss Ruth, for old Crosse had gone to Deanfield, and her aunt was too busy to spare me more than a few minutes of her company. I had not been there more than half an hour when the old gentleman returned, and it appears that a letter had come for him while he was absent. When he read it he dropped down as if he had been shot. Poor fellow, it conveyed the news to him that he was ruined, that he had lost every penny he was worth. When I heard the contents I wasn't surprised at him fainting."

"Poor fellow, I'm very sorry for him," murmured Maurice; "but it's quite possible things may not

be so bad, after all. How was Mr. Crosse when you left?"

"He seemed much better, but was in a terribly excited state, and I was glad to get away." He paused, for the horses were becoming very restless; they were evidently impatient to be off, and their master found some difficulty in restraining them. When he had succeeded in subduing them, he went on, "While in town this evening I had the good fortune to meet an old friend from London. I dare say you have heard me mention Joseph Glover."

"Yes, I've heard you speak of him, but not in very favourable terms."

"He's a little bit wild, but he's one of the jolliest fellows out. I've invited him over to the Manor on Monday, so if you turn up I'll introduce you."

While speaking, he had unconsciously eased the

reins, and the horses, taking advantage of it, dashed off before Maurice could say a word in reply. He heard his friend call out "Good-bye," to which he at once responded, but the carriage was already disappearing in the gloom of the summer night.

Maurice remained standing for some minutes just where his friend Clarence Mosely had left him, gazing abstractedly in the direction the vehicle had gone, and thinking over all that he had heard. At last a slight noise disturbed him, and as he turned to go back to the house, a hand was suddenly laid upon his shoulder, and some one said, "Is your name Maurice Harford?"

"Yes, it is," he answered, somewhat curtly, feeling annoyed at having been startled. Then a sudden fear took possession of him as he faced the unlooked-for intruder.

YORKSHIRE ABBEYS.

BY MRS. MACQUOID, AUTHOR OF "THROUGH NORMANDY."

I.—FOUNTAINS ABBEY AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

RIPON looked a quaint old town as we drove into its market-place and got down at the Crown Hotel. Within the hotel, we were at once reminded of the Grand Cerf at Les Andelys, in Normandy; for the Crown is just such another quaint museum of curiosities. The enterprising landlord has made a valuable and artistic collection of old china; oak cabinets and other curiosities are profusely scattered through the rooms and passages, and, in some instances, heaped into corners.

While in York we had seen a photograph of the tombs of the Marmions. Without delay we drove off to West Tanfield Church, where John Lord Marmion and his kin lie buried.

Beyond the quaint little village of Wath we enter the vale of the Yare. The country here is pretty, and the towers of Tanfield look picturesque from a distance. The only relic of the manor-house of the Marmions, which manor-house John de Marmion was allowed to castellate for services rendered during the Scottish wars in the days of the Edwards, is the gateway, or porter's lodge, mentioned by Leland. We were told that in excavating for the present rectory—charmingly placed beside the River Yare—the foundations of the old mansion or castle were discovered; but the castle was probably older in date than this very picturesque gateway, with its tower and remarkable oriel window. Our kind guide took us through the rectory garden and the gateway, into the quaint old churchyard.

The church bears the marks of several periods, the original work being Norman. The north aisle (in which we found the objects of our pilgrimage, the tombs of the Marmions) was built by Maude de Marmion in 1343. There is also some fifteenth century work; but the restored part of the church, notably the south aisle, is in the worst possible style, the old work having been obliterated; even the chancel arch, among other portions, has been taken away, and a new construction put in its place. The tombs of the Marmions are still much as Leland described them early in the sixteenth century:—

"In the church of West Tanfield be divers tumes in a chapelle on the north side of the church of the

Marmions, whereof one [with the sculptures of a knight and a lady] is in the arch of the waulle, and that semeth most auncient. Then lyeth there alone a lady with the apparail of voves, and another lady with a crownet on her head. Then is there an high tumber of alabaster (with two very fair figures of a warrior and his dame) in the middle of the chapel, wher, as I hard say, lyeth one John Lord Marmion, and in the south side of the chapelle is another tumber of the Marmions buried alone."

At the east end of the north aisle, placed in the middle of the church, is the large monument which, on close inspection, seems not to be as it was originally constructed. The knight stretched thereon wears chain-armour and a pointed helmet; beneath his head is an empty casque; on his breast are the Marmion arms, and he wears an SS. Lancastrian collar. Beside him, but on a separate plinth, is a lady in a semi-religious habit, on which are the arms of the St. Quintins. These two beautifully-carved alabaster figures are said to be Sir Robert de Marmion and Laura his wife. Over the two figures is a very curious and perfect iron herse, with prickets for lights at the four corners, and at each end of the ridge above. Along the north wall beside this tomb are the other tombs mentioned by Leland, some of which have evidently been placed there to make room in the centre of the aisle. The knight in chain-armour and his lady, under the arch, are supposed to represent John de Marmion and his wife. Next come the two tombs, each bearing a single female figure too much injured for recognition, although on one side are the arms of Despencer, Clifford, Courtney, and Grey of Rotherfield. Beyond them, on a much lower tomb, lies a small cross-legged figure of an armed knight covered with a mantle. This is said to be the sickly Lord Robert, third Baron of Marmion. His feet rest on a lion, but the shield beside him is blank. Doubtless this is the tomb which Leland saw in the south aisle.

It seems wonderful that such monuments of such known antiquity should be left huddled up out of sight, instead of being replaced—where, doubtless, some of them originally stood—in the middle of this

aisle, built on purpose to receive them by Maude de Marmion. The tombs of the Marmions are not, however, the only attractions of West Tanfield Church; there is a mysterious little cell adjoining the chancel arch, on the south, which seems a puzzle to the antiquaries. It has an arched opening to the north, and a little window east and south, each containing two small trefoil-headed lights; in the centre is a "squint." The cell is scarcely four feet square, and was probably a recess whence a priest could watch three altars at the same time. Facing this cell, behind the pulpit, is what may have been an alms window, also commanded by the squint in the cell; it is in the south-east corner of the nave. There is a little good old glass, evidently collected from different parts of the church, and crammed into one window. In the chancel is an old brass, bearing a small effigy and the name of Thomas Sutton, rector of Tanfield. The country all round is charming, and the view from the window of the gateway-tower is very beautiful and extensive along the valley of the Yare.

After seeing these very interesting relics, we drove back to Wath, where there is also an old and most carefully-restored church, containing curious Saxon sculptured work, and fragments of stone-coffin lids with early thirteenth century floriated crosses carved thereon. There is also here a very old vestry or sacristy, with a priest's room above, and an old chimney. There is also a curious double piscina. It is enough to say that this church has been restored by its incumbent, the Rev. W. C. Lukis, the well-known archaeologist.

We were told to walk to Fountains from Ripon, as the distance is not more than three miles; but there is so much to see and examine in these grand old ruins, that it is advisable to reach them early, as the gates are closed to visitors at five o'clock.

The morning was full of sunshine, and we had a delightful drive through the stately avenues of Studley Park, in which the ruins are placed. Looking back, the massive towers of Ripon Cathedral close in the view, and above these rise the Yorkshire Wolds. On reaching the park lodge, we left our carriage and entered the grounds. These are exquisitely planted, and extend along each side of the River Skell, which winds through the wooded valley. We came first to a grand old group of beech-trees, the river being concealed by a massive wall of yew. Through this wall, at intervals, we got glimpses of a tower on the higher ground opposite, and in a gap in the dark mass of greenery, overtopped by lofty trees, a charming view of the wildest part of the valley, with its quaint old-fashioned arrangements. Opposite, backed by a lofty wood, is a sort of classical stone summer-house, called the Temple of Piety, with a closely-shaven green lawn in front, reaching to the edge of the formal statue-bordered moon and crescent ponds, into which, at this point, the river has been turned.

Going on along the tree-shaded paths, we saw fresh beauty everywhere. The height of the spruce-firs, springing from the soft green lawns which border this part of the way, is remarkable. One of them is 132 feet high, and more than twelve feet in girth. Between these trees and the bridge we got constant peeps across and along the valley, but no glimpse of the abbey. It is easy to reach it through this wooded walk, but we wanted to see it first from the opposite heights, and therefore crossed

the rustic bridge; then, guided by one of the numerous direction "hands," we climbed a rocky path to a dark arched passage in the cliff leading to the Octagon Tower. Here one sees Studley Hall, and opposite How Hill, anciently Herleshow; but we were eager to see the abbey, and, following the path through the wood, soon reached Anne Boleyn's Seat.

At the foot of the steep rock on which we stood the river makes an exquisite curve, and beyond stands the grand, grey old ruin in hoary magnificence.

The sudden apparition is very impressive, and blots out all the beauties of the hanging woods and the tree-shaded bends of the picturesque stroll in the intense interest it arouses.

We hurried down a steep path to the river, and soon reached Robin Hood's Well, where the fight is said to have happened between the outlaw and Friar Tuck.

Beyond the mossy well we came to a seat above the river, and here, while we sat for some time, making out, by the help of Mr. Walbran's useful guide, the plan of the abbot's buildings, and also of some of the monastic buildings, a tame robin kept hopping round us, picking up biscuit crumbs as they fell.

The view from this point is most beautiful. At our feet the river winds on, beside a crumbling grass-grown wall, overgrown with brambles and greenery, and disappears under a dark arch beneath the abbot's house. Beyond this rises the grand framework of the great east window, through which appear the slender pillars and lofty, graceful arches of the Lady Chapel; and above, looking as if, in its majestic grandeur, it would crush the delicate columns and lancet arches below, is the massive buttressed tower of Abbot Huby.

This view is also very full of interest, as it enables one to take a bird's-eye view of the monastery itself, and to make out how completely Fountains illustrates the uniform plan of building employed by the great Cistercian order, which, out of the 109 monasteries founded by it in England, built nineteen in Yorkshire.

The special feature of this arrangement seems to be that the abbot's and monks' buildings are all south of the church, having in the centre the court, surrounded by its four cloistered walks; on the east the chapter-house, divided by two vaulted passages from the frater; on the south, separated by a staircase from the frater, the kitchen, refectory, buttery, and offices; and lastly, on the west, stretching away from the south-west corner of the nave of the church, and extending southwards beyond either frater or refectory, the grand old vaulted room which is styled the Domus Conversorum, as having been the apartment assigned to the converts and lay brothers of the monastery, while the cloisters and cloister court were appropriated to the monks themselves. The dormitory of the converts was above this long vaulted gallery, the monks' dormitory being over the frater, and reaching to the southern transept, where a small door admitted them for the performance of nocturnal services within the church.

The first incoming of the Cistercian rule in England seems to have been in the foundation of a monastery at Waverley, Surrey, by some monks sent by St. Bernard, but not from Clairvaux itself. After this St. Bernard sent another band of monks into Yorkshire just when Walter de l'Espee was sorrowing for the death of his son. Turstin, Arch-

bishop of York, counselled Walter to befriend these strangers, and to settle them near his castle of Helmsley, on the banks of the Rie. The sorrowing father obeyed, and Rievaulx Abbey was founded in 1131. A wave of sanctity seems to have followed these monks to England, for about this time Richard, the sacrist, Ralph, Gamel, Gregory, Hamo, and Waltheof, monks of the Abbey of St. Mary, York, felt within themselves, like Robert de Molesme, the founder of Cîteaux in 1098, a wish to lead a holier life than they found possible in the rule of the Benedictines, and they debated how to find a way. At first they concealed the matter from Richard, the prior, but soon they found that he was of one mind with them, and they grew to be thirteen in number, among whom there was but one heart and one soul longing after the poverty and holy simplicity of the Cistercian rule. Their only anxiety was how they could best leave the abbey without giving scandal and disturbing the peace of the brethren. Mean-time murmurs arose on account of these new opinions, and the aged Abbot Geoffrey seriously admonished them, threatening them even with the discipline of the order. The persecuted monks applied to Turstin, Archbishop of York, who tried to mediate, but was rudely repelled by the Abbot of St. Mary's and his brethren. Turstin therefore took away these thirteen monks and maintained them in his house, namely—Richard, the prior, afterwards first Abbot of Fountains; Gervase, the sub-prior, Abbot of Louth Park; Richard, the sacrist, second Abbot of Fountains; Walter, the almoner, Abbot of Kirkstead; Robert, the precentor; Ralph, a monk, Abbot of Lisa; Alexander, Abbot of Kirkstall; Geoffrey, the painter; Gregory, Thomas, Hamo, Gamel; Robert, a monk of Whitby, afterwards the saintly Abbot of Newminster—in all twelve priests and one sub-deacon.

Turstin resolved to give these monks some land in the Valley of the Skell, a wilderness of rocks and trees, and on the 26th December, 1132, he himself conducted them to Skelldale and placed them beside the river, near the hill of Herleshow. Here, in council, the monks chose Richard, the prior, for their abbot, and the archbishop having solemnly blessed him, departed, leaving the brethren to begin their work. Their prospects looked dreary enough; their only shelter was a hut which they made round the trunk of a huge elm-tree, which tree is said to have lasted till the dissolution of the monastery. But the brother had heard of Cîteaux and of St. Bernard, whose fame for talent and sanctity was just then at its height, and they sent at once to ask for help and guidance.

In answer to this appeal, St. Bernard sent Geoffrey, a monk of Clairvaux, who directed the Yorkshire brothers in framing their code of rules and in building some humble dwelling-places.

But their stock of money was soon exhausted. Though seven clerks and ten laymen had joined them, they had brought no funds. The district was isolated, and they began to suffer great privations. Soon after a sore famine spread through the land, and the monks had to live on herbs and leaves seasoned with salt. One day a traveller knocked at the gate and asked for bread. The porter said he had none to give; but the stranger, who looked hungry and weary, still begged for a loaf in the name of the blessed Saviour. The porter went to the abbot, and the pious Richard asked how much bread there was in the house.

"Two loaves and a half, reverend father, and those are wanted for the carpenters when they leave work."

"Give the poor man one loaf," said the abbot; "there will be one and a half for the workers; as for us, God will provide at his pleasure."

And so it came to pass; for as soon as he had spoken, there came to the gate two men drawing a cart full of the finest bread, sent by Eustace Fitz-Hugh, of Knaresborough, who had heard of the sore straits of the brethren. But as no lasting help came, save that afforded by Turstin, the abbot resolved to go over sea to Clairvaux and ask St. Bernard to give himself and his brethren work and shelter in one of his monasteries.

During the abbot's absence, Hugh, Dean of York, fell sick, and feeling his end approach, he retired to Fountains Abbey, taking with him a large store of books, money, and valuables. When Abbot Richard returned from France, he and his monks determined to remain in Skelldale.

The first abbey was partially burned in 1146, but it must have been speedily rebuilt. Before this, in 1137, Ralph de Merlay had founded a monastery near his Castle of Morpeth, and in the next year Robert, the monk of Whitby, with thirteen brethren, went from Fountains to establish a new community in the Abbey of Newminster. Within ten years another band was sent out to found Pipewell Abbey, in Northamptonshire, Sawley, in Craven, and Roche Abbey, in South Yorks. In 1139 Hugh FitzEudo sought monks from Fountains to establish the Abbey of Kirkstead, and about the same time was founded Haverholme, afterwards removed to Louth Park. During the primacy of Murdae, Hugh de Bolebec applied for monks to establish his abbey at Woburn, Beds. But in the following year came a new and very interesting appeal. Sigward, Bishop of Bergen, in Norway, came to Fountains Abbey, and was so much struck by the holiness he witnessed there, that he besought the abbot to send thirteen of his monks to establish a community in the valley of Lisa. Next came the foundations of Kirkstall, Bytham, in Lincolnshire, afterwards the Abbey of Vaudey, and, last of all, in 1150, the Abbey of Meaux was founded by Adam, one of the original settlers in the valley of the Skell.

Instead of going at once to examine the magnificent pile of ruins, standing on the greensward literally over the river which runs under the abbot's buildings, and also under some of the south part of the monastery itself, we went on in a westerly direction in search of the old yew-trees which are said to have sheltered Prior Richard and his twelve companions before they began to build their abbey. As the path mounted we saw on the hillside a part of the old wall that once marked the area of the monastery, the walled close of which contained eighty acres.

On the other side of the Skell are several ruined buildings, the destination of which is uncertain. On a little knoll above the mill stand the remnants of the yew-trees, but in a very decayed state; it is believed they were seven in number, and they were called the "seven sisters." The old mill is still going, and not far from it, across the quaint old bridge, is the gate-house, now only a fragment, but once a building of some size. From the gate-house we went on to Fountains Hall. This is a most picturesque old house, with

its quaint gables of pearly grey stone, the steps, leading to its entrance-gate, and the low garden walls tapestried with delicate leaves and yellow star-like blossoms; but interest in the building lessens when one learns that it was put up by Stephen Proctor in the seventeenth century with stone taken from the walls of the abbey. Over the door are the crests of Sir Stephen and Honor, his wife, with this motto between them—

"Rien trovant gaineray tort."

We now turned back towards the abbey, the view of which, though not quite so picturesque from this side, is very striking in the massiveness and grandeur of its proportions. The western entrance, with its ruined narthex, or galilee, is very picturesque. This portico seems to have been a favourite burial-place, and several slabs remain there. As we entered, the immense nave and its aisles were most impressive, although, from the thoroughness of the clearing of ivy, etc., in 1854, it is far less picturesque as a whole than Rievaulx is; but in interest it is superior to any other of the Yorkshire abbeys, for almost all the old buildings can be easily made out, and so very much of the original walls remains standing. The nave is plain Transition work, and has circular-headed windows. There is no triforium, but the arches below the clerestory are pointed, and rest on massive pillars more than twenty feet high. Outside the great west window is a niche with a headless figure of the Blessed Virgin. Probably in Richard of Clairvaux's (the fourth abbot) time the nave of the church was finished and the chapter-house was built. This was doubtless copied from something he saw either at Clairvaux or Vauclair.

Near the seventh pillar, but in the middle of the nave, are two curious walled trenches, in the shape of an L, about two feet deep. These were discovered when the foundations of the ruined wooden screen were cleared, and a mass of charcoal ashes was found in them; nine large, coarse earthenware pots were found in these trenches, also filled with charcoal. It is supposed that these vases may have been placed here to increase the sound of the organ, which, of course, stood on the screen when it stretched across the nave. The charcoal is merely the result of the wanton spoliation that took place at the time of the Dissolution, when the lead was stripped off the roof and melted, and everything in the shape of plate, books, or ornaments was plundered and destroyed. From the north transept rises the magnificent tower built by Marmaduke Huby, last but two of the abbots of Fountains. His initials, M. H., can still be seen on the arch below. Except the floors, glass, and dome of the tracery, this tower is wonderfully perfect. There are three rows of inscriptions in black letter, carved in stone round the tower, and numerous coats-of-arms on shields, also several figures.

There are two chapels in this northern transept. In one of these, with an inscription over the entrance to Michael the Archangel, is a large piscina, with a recess. At the east end are some remains of an altar, and also of pavement. In one of the chapels in the south transept there is also a piscina and part of the gravestone of Robert Burley, twenty-fourth abbot, who died 1410. In the south wing of the transept is a very curiously-broken slab, but enough of the inscription remains to show that it marks the grave of Brother John de Ripon.

DR. SCHLIEMANN'S GREEK ANTIQUITIES.

II.

AFTER spending a week in Tiryns, where he employed fifty-one labourers, and discovered house-walls and water-conduits of the most primitive or Cyclopean kind, together with a large quantity of idols, coins, and other articles of interest, Dr. Schliemann recommenced his investigations in Mycenæ with great vigour. The extent, as well as the expense, of his operations may in some degree be estimated by the fact that he employed upon them an average of 125 labourers for four months. Near the Lion's Gate he laid open a subterranean treasury like that of Atreus, but of earlier date, and less sumptuous, though of magnificent proportions. The doorway has the enormous height of eighteen feet, and is eight feet four inches broad. Entering the Acropolis by the Lion's Gate, he found dwellings, probably those of the door-keepers; farther on, quadrangular masonry, marking the site of a second gate of wood. Still farther on were two small Cyclopean conduits, and a little beyond he opened upon a large double-parallel circle of closely-jointed slanting slabs, within which were three straight lines of tombstones or tomb-pillars, four of which were elaborately sculptured in relief with representations of hunting and battle scenes. He thus relates the important discovery which he then made:—

"I first excavated the site of the three tombstones with the

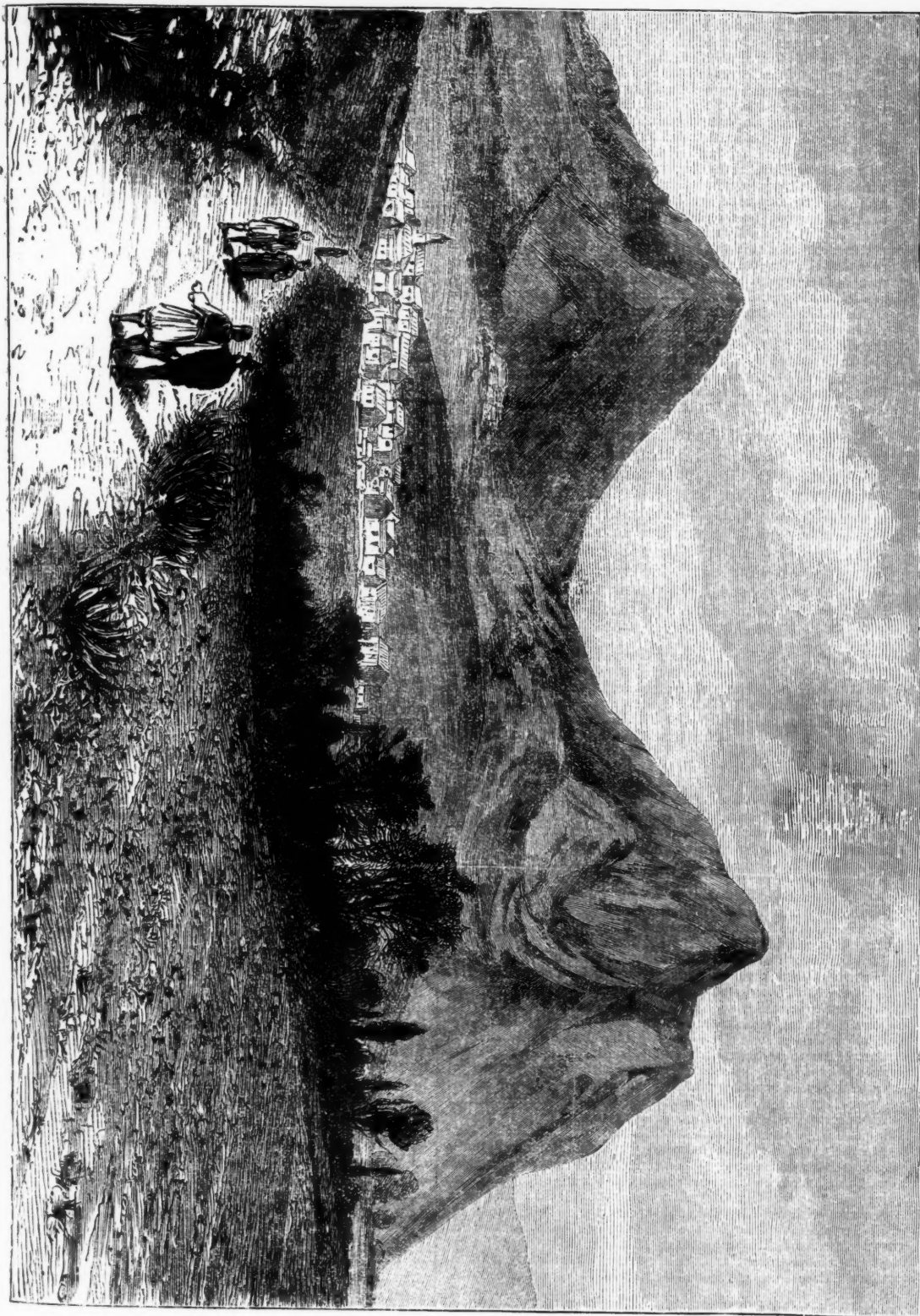
has-reliefs representing the warriors, and found there a 2½ft. long and 10½ft. broad quadrangular tomb cut out in the slope of the rock. . . . In digging farther down I found from time to time a small quantity of black ashes, and in it, very frequently, some curious objects, either a bone button covered with a beautifully-engraved golden blade, or an imitation of a gazelle horn of bone, with one flat side, showing two holes, by which the object must have been attached to something else, or other ornaments of bone or small gold leaf. I collected in this way, besides many other curious objects, twelve buttons covered with gold blades, one of them as large as a five-franc piece; the ornaments are either spiral lines, or that curious cross with the marks of four nails which so frequently occurs on the whorls in Ilium, and which I believe to be the symbol of the holy fire. All the buttons are in the form of our shirt buttons, but of large size. Having dug down to a depth of 10½ft., I was stopped by heavy rain, which turned the soft earth in the tomb to mud, and I therefore took out the unsculptured tombs of the second line, of which the one is 5ft., the other 5½ft. long. In excavating around them I found another 11ft. broad and 21ft. long tomb, cut into the rock. It was entirely filled with unmixed natural earth, which had been brought there from another place. In a depth of 15ft. below the level of the rock, or of 25ft. below the former surface of the ground, I reached a layer of small stones, below which I found, at a distance of 3ft. from each other, the calcined remains of three bodies, which were only separated from the ground by another layer of small stones, and had evidently been burned simultaneously in the very same place where they lay; the masses of ashes of the clothes which had covered them, and of the wood which had consumed them, and further, the colour of the stones themselves, can leave no doubt in this respect. With every one of the three bodies I found five diadems of gold, each 19½ inches long, and in the

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midst 4 inches broad, but terminating at both extremities in a point. I further found with two of the bodies ten (five with each) golden crosses in the form of laurel leaves; with the third body were only four of them; each of the crosses is $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches long; the breadth of the leaves is $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch. As well the diadems as the leaves of the crosses show a splendid ornamentation of impressed circles or spiral lines. I also found there many curious objects of a glazy unknown composition. Their form is difficult to describe; all are perforated, and have evidently served as ornaments of the dead. I further found there a number of small knives of obsidian, many fragments of a gilded silver vase, of which only the upper part was well preserved; a rustic bronze knife, a silver cup with one handle, four perforated pieces of necklace (two of stone and two of a composition), two horned Juno idols, and finally many fragments of beautiful hand-made pottery, among which was part of a vase with two tubular holes on either side for suspension with a string. There are also fragments of terra-cotta tripods, which are of rare occurrence here, nearly all the vases having a flat bottom. At the bottom of the sepulchre all the four walls were lined by a 5ft. high and 1ft. 8in. thick wall of stones, which showed unmistakable marks of the three funeral piles. Evidently, the pyres had not been large, and had been merely intended to consume the flesh of the bodies, because the bones, and even the skulls, had been preserved; but the latter had suffered so much from the moisture that none of them could be taken out entire."

He then proceeded to take out and dig under the two unsculptured tombstones due south of the last described. At the depth of 16 $\frac{1}{2}$ ft. he found a sepulchre 16ft. 8in. long and 10ft. broad, and at about 9ft. above this tomb, and close to it, on the slope of the rock, a number of skeletons of men, which had evidently not been burnt, and with them knives of obsidian, and five very nice hand-made vases, two of a plain light-yellow, the three others of light-green colour, with rude black ornaments. On examining the tomb, he says:—

"I found in this mausoleum the mortal remains of three ladies, which, like the former tomb, were covered with a layer of pebble stones and reposed on another layer of similar stones, on which the funeral piles had been dressed; this lay on the bottom of the tomb, which was 30ft. below the surface of the mount. Precisely as in the former tomb, all the three bodies had been burnt simultaneously but separately, and at equal distances from each other. This was proved as well by the evident marks of the fire on the pebble stones below and around every one of the bodies, as by the marks of the fire and smoke on the walls to the right and left, and by the masses of wood ashes which lay on and around the corpses. The bodies were literally overwhelmed with jewels, all of which bore evident signs of the fire and smoke to which they had been exposed on the funeral piles.

"As the different jewels were distributed nearly in equal proportions among the three ladies, I think it superfluous to state here the objects found with each of them, and will give only a register of what I collected on the three bodies conjointly:—12 golden crowns; 10 golden diadems, in two of which is still preserved part of the skull; one gigantic golden crown, 2ft. 1in. long and 11in. broad, with 30 large leaves—this crown gives us, perhaps, a specimen of an Homeric *στέμμα*; 250 round gold leaves; two large golden vases; one large golden goblet; three small golden vessels; two large golden breast-ornaments, in form of wreaths or garlands, all splendidly ornamented; two flat pieces of gold, representing houses with towers, on each of which a pigeon is sitting; six golden butterflies, for suspension; seven flat pieces of gold, representing two lions standing on their hind legs opposite each other; 11 flat pieces of gold, representing two stags standing on their hind legs opposite each other; two flat pieces of gold, representing two swans standing opposite each other; one woman of gold, holding three pigeons; one woman of gold, holding one pigeon; two women of gold, with long gowns; four lions of gold; one cross of gold; ten golden earrings, with pendants; six golden earrings, without pendants; one ear-pendant of a precious red stone, on which are incised two warriors fighting together; 12 plain ear-pendants; three perforated, quadrangular pieces of gold, which evidently belonged to a necklace—the one shows Hercules killing the Nemean lion, the second represents merely a lion, and the third shows two warriors fighting together with lances (though in a very archaic style, all these engravings are of masterly execution); one perforated precious red stone, with an incision representing a stag

turning his head; one long necklace of amber; ten flat pieces of gold, representing scarabæe, which are, however, altogether different from those of ancient Egypt."

We have not space for the long list of similar valuable objects which follows. Dr. Schliemann adds:—"It would be altogether a vain attempt on my part to convey to the reader only a faint idea of the splendid ornamentation of all the above jewels of gold. Nowhere can I discover a space as large as a quarter of an inch which is not ornamented. There are a thousand different sorts of spiral or circular ornamentation."

Encouraged by this success, he resolved upon excavating the whole remaining space within the great parallel circle of slabs. His account of the result is as follows:—

"At a depth of 20ft. below the former surface of the mount I struck an almost circular Cyclopean masonry, with a large round opening in form of a well; it was 4ft. high, and measured 7ft. from north to south, and 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ ft. from east to west. I at once recognised in this curious monument a primitive altar for funeral rites. At last, in a depth of 26 $\frac{1}{2}$ ft., and at a distance of only 4ft. 7in. from the last described tomb, I found a 24ft. long, 18 $\frac{1}{2}$ ft. broad sepulchre, which had been cut on its west side 6ft., on the north side 10ft., on the south side 8ft., on the east side 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ ft. deep into the rock, and its bottom is 33ft. below the former surface of the mount. It deserves particular notice that the above funeral altar marked precisely the centre of this tomb, and thus there can be no doubt that it had been erected in honour of those whose mortal remains reposed in it.

"As in the two other tombs, the bottom was covered with a layer of pebble stones on which, in about equal distances from each other, lay the bodies of five men; three of them were lying with the head to the east and the feet to the west; the two others were lying with the head to the north and the feet to the south. The bodies had evidently been burnt on the very spot on which each rested; this was shown as well by the masses of the ashes on and around each corpse as by the marks of the fire on the pebble stones and on the wall of schist. The five bodies were literally overloaded with jewels, all of which—as in the other tombs—show unequivocal marks of the funeral piles. Unfortunately, the skulls of the five bodies were in such a state of decomposition that none of them could be saved; three of them—the two which were turned to the north and one of those turned to the east—had the head covered with large massive golden masks; in one of these has remained a large part of the skull it covered. All the three masks are made with marvellous art, and one fancies one can see there all the hairs of the eyebrows and whiskers. Each mask shows so widely different a physiognomy from the others, and so altogether different from the ideal types of the statues of gods and heroes, that there can be no doubt that every one of them faithfully represents the likeness of the deceased hero whose face it covered. Were it not so, all the masks would show the very same ideal type. One of the masks shows a small mouth, a long nose, large eyes, and a large head; another a very large mouth, nose, and head; the third a small head, mouth, and nose. In the former the greater part of the skull of the deceased is preserved."

Simultaneously with the excavation just described, Dr. Schliemann explored the fifth and last tomb, which had been marked with a bas-relief of two serpents and by an unsculptured tombstone. In this he found the mortal remains of only one person, which, like all the other bodies, had been burnt on the precise spot where they lay. This was proved by the calcined pebbles below and around the corpse, as well as by the undisturbed masses of ashes with which it was covered, and, finally, by the marks of the funeral fire on the rock walls. Around the skull of the body, which was, unfortunately, too fragile to be saved, was a golden diadem with impressed ornaments, representing in the midst two suns, the remaining space being filled up with spiral ornaments.

He then continued his excavations in the tombs first discovered, which had been stopped by rain. In one

of them were found three bodies, which lay at a distance of 3ft. from each other. These also had evidently been burnt in the place where they were found. He says of them :—

"The three bodies of this tomb lay with their heads to the east and their feet to the west; all three were of gigantic proportions, and appeared to have been squeezed with force into the small space of only 6ft., which was left for them between the aforesaid walls; the bones of the legs, which are nearly uninjured, are really of enormous size. Although the head of the first man was covered with a massive golden mask, his skull crumbled away on being exposed to the air, and but a few bones could be saved besides those of the legs. The same was the case with the second body, which had been plundered in antiquity. But of the third body, which lay at the north end of the tomb, the round face with all its flesh had been wonderfully preserved under its ponderous golden mask; there was no vestige of hair, but both eyes were perfectly visible, also the mouth, which, by the enormous weight that had been pressing upon it, was wide open, and showed 32 beautiful teeth. By these all the physicians who came to see the body were led to believe that the man must have died at the early age of 35. The nose had entirely gone. The body having been too long for the space between the two inner walls of the tomb, the head had been pressed in such a way on the breast that the upper part of the shoulders was nearly in a horizontal line with the vertex of the head. In spite of the large golden breastplate, so little had been preserved of the breast that the inner side of the spine was visible in many places. In its squeezed and mutilated state, the body measured only 2ft. 4½ in. from the top of the head to the beginning of the loins; the breadth of the shoulders did not exceed 1ft. 1½ in., and the breadth of the stomach 1ft. 3 in.; but the gigantic thigh-bones could leave no doubt regarding the real proportions of the body. Such had been the pressure of the rubbish and stones that the body had been reduced to a thickness of 1 in. to 1½ in. The colour of the corpse resembled very much that of an Egyptian mummy. The front of the man was ornamented with a plain round leaf of gold, and a still larger one was lying on the right eye; I further observed a large and a small gold leaf on the breast below the large golden breast-cover."

This breast-cover was 14·2·5 in. long and 8·4·5 in. broad. The head of the body was covered with a massive golden mask, 12·2·3 in. long and 12·1·3 in. broad, and so thick that the enormous weight which for ages had been pressing upon it had made on it no impression. "It shows," he says, "a round face, with large eyes and a large mouth, much resembling the features of the body when first uncovered, and I feel now more convinced than ever that all the golden masks faithfully represent the features which they cover. In fact, a single glance on these splendidly-made masks must convince every one that they are real portraits and not ideal types."

"There was further found to the right of the body a very large golden drinking-cup, with one handle. It is no less than 6 in. in diameter and 5 ft. in height; it has two parallel horizontal rows of ornamentation, of which the lower one represents fish-spines, the upper one something resembling windows. There was also found a very large one-handled golden goblet, being 5·3·5 in. in diameter, decorated with two parallel horizontal rows of beautiful spiral lines, in which occur a large number of that curious cross which is so frequently met with in the ruins of Troy, and which is thought to be the symbol of the holy fire, the Arani of the Brahmans (see my 'Troy and its Remains,' Pl. xxiv., No. 348, 350, and 351). There was found a third golden goblet, ornamented with three lions, which are represented as running with great velocity. There were also found three silver drinking-cups and fragments of several silver vases, some of which show spiral ornaments; finally, a large drinking-cup of alabaster, measuring 10½ in. in height, and 4·4·5 in. in diameter."

"With the body, which lay in the middle of the tomb, were found some round golden leaves with impressed ornaments and the remnants of a wooden comb. The head of the body at the south end of the tomb was likewise covered with a thick golden mask, and its breast with a massive golden cover. I found, besides, with the body at the south end, 15 two-edged bronze swords, ten of which lay at his feet; also the upper part of a

bronze sword, with a handle ornamented with golden nails, and 27 richly-ornamented large round golden buttons, one of which measured 2½ in., the others 1½ in. to 2 in. in diameter; also 68 round golden buttons of a smaller size. Further, seven large sword-handle buttons of alabaster, and one of wood, all ornamented with golden nails; 37 round gold leaves of various size, with impressed ornaments; 21 fragments of gold leaves, a splendid golden ornament of the *knemides* (greaves), in shape resembling a bracelet; five golden plates, representing in bas-relief two eagles; a golden plate without ornament, a richly-ornamented smaller one, on which seem to be represented two tresses of hair; a golden ornament for suspension on the neck, much resembling our present military decoration. I further found there a bronze battle-axe, perfectly resembling the Trojan battle-axe (see 'Troy and its Remains,' p. 330), but more elegant. Perhaps still more important and interesting than all the jewels found in this tomb was a small quadrangular wooden box (*váponē*), of which I picked up two sides, on each of which are carved in high relief a dog and a lion. Small as these sculptures are, they are nevertheless of capital interest to science, because they prove to us that the art of sculpturing on wood flourished in the mythic heroic age."

Immediately upon completing the exploration of the five tombs, Dr. Schliemann telegraphed to the King of Greece, informing him of his discovery. The following is a translation of the telegram :—

"It is with extreme delight that I announce to your majesty that I have discovered the tombs which the tradition echoed by Pausanias designated as the sepulchres of Agamemnon, Cassandra, Eurymedon, and their comrades, who were all slain during the banquet by Clytemnestra and her paramour Ægis-thus. They were surrounded by a double parallel circle of slabs, which could only have been constructed in honour of the said high personages. I have found in the sepulchres immense treasures, in the form of antique objects in pure gold. These treasures are sufficient of themselves to fill a great museum, which will be the most wonderful in the world, and which for ages to come will attract to Greece thousands of visitors from all countries. As I labour for the pure love of science, I have, of course, no claim to these treasures, which, with a lively enthusiasm, I present intact to Greece. May it please God that these treasures may become the corner-stone of an immense national possession."

"HENRY SCHLIEMANN."

"Mycena, 28th November, 1876."

The conviction which Dr. Schliemann intimates in this communication that the tombs laid open by him, and consequently the bodies contained in them, were those of Agamemnon and his fellow-sufferers of highest rank, has since been more distinctly maintained by him in a paper read at Burlington House before a crowded and most distinguished audience, assembled under the auspices of the Society of Antiquarians. His facts and arguments produced a very favourable impression. Doubts, however, are entertained, and have been more or less freely expressed, as to the identity of these tombs and mortal remains with those of the almost mythic personages in question. Some think that there is good reason for referring the style and workmanship of the jewellery buried with the dead to a period not earlier than the eighth century B.C. Mr. Gladstone, speaking at the meeting above mentioned, said that to him it appeared probable that they were for the most part the remains of a later age than the Dorian conquest of Peloponnesus, which took place eighty years after the Trojan War. Still he thought there might be among the objects described some of greater antiquity even than what were referred to in the poems of

Homer. We noticed in our observations upon Trojan Antiquities that there is a remarkable correspondence between many of the articles disinterred by Dr. Schliemann from Hissarlik and various ornaments, utensils, and implements mentioned or described in the Homeric poems. The works of art, especially in the precious metals, so abundant among the treasures found in the tombs of Mycenæ, present also some striking resemblances to the peculiarities of workmanship indicated by Homer as characterising the weapons, armour, furniture, and decorations of the Grecian chiefs. On reference to the quotations above given from Dr. Schliemann's report, it will be seen that leaves and flowers wrought in gold are very common as ornaments, either separate or in relief; so are golden or silver studs or nails, especially on sword-handles. Vases, goblets, crowns, metallic plates, are described as richly engraved and "splendidly ornamented," often with spiral lines, concentric circles, and impressed figures, these last being frequently representations of animals and of men engaged in hunting or battle. The readers of Homer will remember the epithet "flowery"—that is, chased, or embroidered with flowers or leaves—applied to bowls, basins, and similar vessels; the frequent mention of gold and silver studs as the decoration of swords, sceptres, and drinking vessels; the constantly-recurring epithets which we may translate "variegated," "curiously wrought," "wavy," "spotted," "inwrought," "inlaid," used to describe the ornamentation of breast-plates, shields, armour in general, weapons, and all kinds of work in metals; and notably the representations of animals on various objects—for example, the figures of serpents on the collar of Agamemnon's breast-plate, the four pairs of golden doves on Nestor's goblet, and the lions, bears, wild boars, and battle scenes embroidered on the belt or bandoleer of Hercules. One instance of almost identity in style and subject of ornament is worthy of especial notice. In the fifth of the Mycenæan tombs were found on both sides of the body interred in it long bronze swords, the handles of which, Dr. Schliemann says, "seem to have had at their extremity richly-ornamented golden plates, each three inches and four-fifths in length and one inch and three-fifths in breadth, and every one of them represents a large cow-head, with long horns and immense eyes. Further, a lion pursuing a stag with such velocity that his four legs are in the same horizontal line with the body. The stag, though still running at full speed, feels that he is lost, turns his head towards his merciless pursuer, and looks at him full of anguish." In the 19th book of the *Odyssey*, Ulysses describes a brooch-clasp, or broad buckle of gold, the fastening of his cloak given him by his wife Penelope. He says it had "on the front a piece of curious work: a dog was grasping a dappled fawn with his forefeet, glaring at it as it struggled, and everybody used to wonder to see how, though they were but figures of gold, the dog kept glaring at the fawn as he throttled him, and the fawn, in its eager efforts to escape, kept struggling with its feet."

Such correspondence, of which a multitude of examples might be produced, between the works of art found in the tombs and those described or casually mentioned in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, certainly warrants the conclusion that they are of, at least, equal antiquity with the poems. Homer undoubtedly assigned to his heroes the possession and use of articles with which he was himself familiar. But they would not

have been invented in his time; such or similar objects must have existed at least two or three generations before his own, which will bring us very near to the period within which the Trojan War and the catastrophes which followed, if historical, are generally supposed to have occurred. Combining with these considerations the peculiar locality in which these relics were found—unquestionably a place of sepulchre of royal personages within the ancient Acropolis of Mycenæ—and the accordance of its position with the reports of Pausanias and the tradition recorded by him, it cannot be denied that Dr. Schliemann has strong ground for his belief that the mass of objects which he has unearthed, and sent to Athens, are the treasures which were buried with Agamemnon and Cassandra and members of their family and suite; and if so, that the skeletons lying in the midst of them were the remains of those princely personages. This conclusion is, however, so startling, and involves others of such deep importance for the verification of prehistoric legends, that it cannot be matter of surprise that eminent students of history and archaeology should suspend their judgment on the question. Our limits will not allow us to state here, even summarily, the doubts and objections which have been raised against Dr. Schliemann's views as to the nature and extent of his discoveries. It is understood that he has a work upon the subject nearly ready for publication, which will doubtless exhibit the evidence upon which he relies in a form more satisfactory, and more convenient for the purposes of examination, than extracts from his letters or addresses, which are at present the only sources of our information. There are other points of great interest on which we may expect to find fuller disclosures, especially the character of the symbolic worship of the heroic age, as indicated by the idolatrous emblems which have been found in great abundance in Mycenæ, as in Troy. His book cannot fail to be entertaining and instructive, and will, we have every reason to believe, supply genuine and most important illustrations of the manners, arts, and religion of times hitherto regarded as beyond the range of history.

THE EVIL DEED WILL OUT.

THE following is an "ower true tale," and is narrated as nearly as possible in the words of the man (a superannuated Bow Street officer) from whom the writer received it some five-and-twenty years ago. It presents a rather remarkable instance of a faculty not very common even among men who have been trained and accustomed to close observation of their fellow-men, and, at the same time, affords a memorable example of the singular and unthought of means by which crime, though long concealed, is sometimes brought to light.

'It is now between thirty and forty years ago that a tradesman in a large way of business in the city of Bath enclosed in a very corpulent letter, directed to a wholesale house in London, a considerable sum of money, amounting, if I recollect rightly, to little short of two thousand pounds in Bank of England notes. The letter, which was posted by the tradesman himself, never reached its destination. No trace of it could be discovered upon inquiry either

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at the Bath or London post-offices; but it was found that before any inquiry had been set on foot—some days having unavoidably elapsed ere any suspicion of robbery occurred—the whole of the missing notes had been passed in London, and most of them had found their way to Threadneedle Street. The task of scenting out the trail of the thief was assigned to me, who was supposed to have had special experience in such matters, and I immediately set about the business. The notes, as I soon became aware, had all been changed to pay for comparatively small purchases, by one person, so that there was, one might judge with certainty, no confederate in the business; from which rather unusual fact I conjectured that my chance of discovering the criminal was but small. The descriptions given by the different persons who had changed the notes of the man who had negotiated them, though they varied very much in many particulars, yet tallied in one respect. They all described him as a talkative, vivacious, well-dressed, gentlemanly man of about thirty-five, a little under the middle size. In one place, moreover, where he had changed a hundred-pound note to pay for a green-striped silk dress, he had been accompanied by a lady, "young, tall, sprightly, but not handsome." The young shopman at the draper's in Oxford Street, who gave me this clue, added, further, that he thought the lady was no stranger to town, though her companion evidently was, and that she might, perhaps, be met with by careful and persevering search. I was partly of the same opinion, and furnished with a patch of silk from the same piece, I began a stroll which I continued day and night in all the likely and unlikely localities, endeavouring to match my pattern upon the dresses of young ladies "tall and sprightly, but not handsome." My exertions did not go entirely unrewarded. I found the young lady I was looking for habited in the green-striped silk, but unfortunately was no nearer to the thief than before. She was the daughter of a respectable widow who kept a lodging-house in the neighbourhood of Piccadilly. The person who had changed the notes was a gentleman, quite a stranger, who had stayed in town for a few days only, who had appeared to take particular pleasure in her society, had induced her, with her parent's consent, to accompany him in a round of sight-seeing, had treated her very handsomely, and had bought her several trinkets besides the dress in question. He had given out that he was on his way to the Continent; but this, I had reason to think, was nothing but a blind, seeing that he had never applied for a passport in London, and no trace of him could be discovered in Calais or Boulogne, where he might have obtained one for the interior. I found that I could do no more. The rogue had been too cunning to leave a sufficient trail behind him, and unless accident should turn him up, it was plain he had given justice the slip. I need hardly say that I made diligent search in Bath without avail. In a short time other matters occurred which drove this clever rogue entirely out of my memory, and the affair in the course of a year had vanished altogether from my thoughts.

About three years afterwards, the delightful city of Bath was honoured with the presence of certain scions of royalty and the *élite* of the fashionable world, who seemed suddenly to have taken a renewed fancy to the place. A full season was expected, and a full season there was. Together with the aristocratic families from the capital, down came the in-

variable attendants upon the wealthy—a huge shoal, to wit, of gamblers, sharpers, and the swell-mob, who calculated, not without reason, upon reaping a good harvest among the unsophisticated dwellers in the "west countree." But the authorities of Bow Street, who were perfectly aware of what was going on, not being willing to let the rogues have all the sport to themselves, resolved to interfere, and to seize this opportunity of thinning the ranks of the pickpockets and sharpers, and of sending a few of them, at any rate, upon their travels for the good of the nation. It would have been easy to frighten them back to London by allowing a few of my colleagues to show their faces in the streets of Bath. It was judged better to capture the boldest of them *in flagranti delicto*, and rid the realm of them at once, as a warning to the rest. For this purpose I, as I knew the town and was known to many of the inhabitants, in consequence of my investigations in the matter of the post-office robbery three years before, was selected and sent down, *in the disguise of a gentleman of property*, to take what measures I should deem proper for the speedy capture of the light-fingered race. Having communicated my plan, and made the necessary arrangements with the corporation officers, I set forth on the day after my arrival, rigged out as the very model of a country gentleman of property; and, with eyes, mouth, and pockets all open, strolled deliberately through the fashionable thoroughfares, the pump-room, and the assembly-rooms, like a goose waiting to be plucked. I wore a pair of thick, buff-coloured gloves, well wadded, to save me from falling, through a moment's inadvertency, into my own snare, which snare consisted of a number of fish-hooks, large hackles, firmly sewn, barbs downwards, into each of the pockets of my brand-new pants. The most blundering novice alive might have got his hand to the bottom of the pockets, but to get it out again without tearing the flesh from the knuckles was a sheer impossibility. As I lounged strolling about, I took care never to see any of my old customers until the convulsive tug at the pocket announced the capture of the thief. I then quietly linked my arm in that of the prisoner, told him in a confidential whisper who I was, and professed to be astonished that he did not know me. Then assuring him that I did not want to hurt his feelings, as he was a bit of a gentleman, I walked him off to a private receptacle in the Orange Grove, where my coadjutors were in readiness, and releasing him from the custody of hook, delivered him over to the care of Crook, who was that year chief magistrate of the city. I should perhaps be suspected of boasting if I recorded how many head of game were thus bagged in the course of the first day. One circumstance made me laugh in spite of myself. As I was walking off with one of the victims, we came on a sudden on one of his fellow-thieves, who, seeing me arm-in-arm with his friend, naturally supposed that I was a picked-up pigeon, and, eager for his share of the plucking, actually walked with us into the trap without being hooked. The second day's sport was much less productive than the first; the ruse had somehow got wind, or else the gang was alarmed at the unaccountable disappearance of so many of its members, and the rogues had taken a panic. On the third day I showed myself in my true colours, and, in company with the town police, scoured out the dens of the evil-doers, and warned all of the London rascals who

yet remained to quit the town within twenty-four hours. This, and the seizure of a couple of gambling gangs who had set up their apparatus in Milsom Street, effectually dispersed the cloud of vulgar villainy which had settled upon the city; and little more than a week had elapsed when I began to think of returning to town. Accordingly I took a place in the mail which left the York House Hotel at nine in the evening, and amused myself in the interim by strolling about the streets, and gossiping occasionally with some of the inhabitants with whom I had formed a temporary acquaintance.

I was standing at the corner of Milsom Street, not far from Loder's music-shop, talking and laughing with the Rev. Mr. Marshall, curate of the Abbey Church, when we were joined by a gentlemanly-looking man, who shook hands with the curate and inquired as to the subject of our mirth, bowing politely to me. Mr. Marshall introduced us to each other, when, upon looking into the stranger's face—that is a way I've got—a something or other, that I couldn't account for, secretly informed me that, although I did not know him, and had certainly never seen him before, yet that I ought to have known him, and must know him well before long, and know all about him, too, by some means or other. I took good notice of the features of his face and of his figure, and my conviction (though a conviction of what I could not have stated) grew every moment stronger and stronger. He did not look me in the face, and, I thought, changed colour a little when he heard my vocation mentioned, and after a few moments took his leave.

"Who is that man?" I asked, immediately.

"Oh," said Mr. Marshall, "he is the landlord of the Fox, at Midford, a most welcome personage, I can assure you, to set eyes on after a warm day's angling in Combe brook. A very worthy and respectable sort of man he is, and a most attentive host."

I couldn't make it out, nor for the life of me account for the strange ideas that began running in my head—the presentiment that already rose to my mind that it was my destiny to coil a halter round the neck of that "very worthy and respectable sort of man." Do what I would, I could not get that notion out of my head all the evening. At length the time came for starting; I walked along George Street; the mail was waiting; I clapped my luggage into the boot, took my seat inside, and, as fate would have it, found myself the sole inside passenger. Here, left to my own thoughts, as the mail rattled along the dark road, I began calling myself to account, and asking myself how it was that the very commonplace visage of the stranger I had met in the afternoon, and whom I had never to my knowledge seen before in my life, should haunt me as it did. I ran over in my mind all my experience in the profession of thieft-catching, from the very first pickpocket captured five-and-twenty years before, down to the transactions of yesterday. That face was never among the number of my prisoners. No, it was altogether new to me; and yet, thought I again, "Is that the face of one whom I ought to have captured, though I never did? Let me see." Then I began to revive all the fruitless chases I had made in the course of my life, and to compare the descriptions of every missing rogue with the face of the stranger. Before the mail stopped for supper at Newbury, a little after midnight, I had struck upon the right scent. "That is the man," said I to myself, "who stole the two-thousand pound

letter from the Bath post-office three years ago." I made a hasty but a hearty meal, and after supper had leisure to form my plans; and having settled in my mind what I would do, I went comfortably to sleep and enjoyed a good night's rest at my ease in the coach.

I reported myself at the office in Bow Street the same morning, and requested a private conference with my superior. It was immediately granted, when, after stating what grounds I had for supposing myself at length in the way of clearing up the affair of the robbery, and earning the reward offered for the discovery of the thief, I asked for leave to pursue the inquiry in my own way, with such assistance as I should see fit to apply for. No objection was made to my demand; and being supplied with the needful funds, I immediately set off in search of the young shopman who had guided me in the matter of the sprightly young lady. Although he had left the situation in Oxford Street, he had fortunately left his present address behind him, and we were soon together in conference.

To my inquiry whether he would be able to identify the man I was seeking, "Yes," said he; "at any time among a hundred others."

"Then," said I, "you will come with me, and take notice of every man into whose company I bring you. If you should set eyes upon him, you will pull out your watch and say to him, politely, 'Oblige me with the time by you, sir,' as if not sure of your own watch."

I took a couple of places in the Bath coach for the same night; and having first placed a watch upon the motions of the sprightly young lady, who was still at the maternal home at Piccadilly, and whose evidence might be indispensable, I again started off early in the evening, this time with a companion, for the city of hot springs.

In the afternoon of the next day, having refreshed myself with a good dinner and a nap of a few hours, I made a call, in company with the young draper, upon the Rev. Mr. Marshall.

"What, not gone yet?" said he; "I thought you were in London long before this."

I did not think it necessary to undeceive him.

"Why," said I, "I have fallen in with a young friend who is an angler, and I mean to take a turn at trout-fishing before I go back. I am come to ask you if you will condescend to join us, to show us where fish are to be caught, and share our dinner at the Fox—wasn't it the Fox you called it?—at Midford. If you will make one of our party, and bring any friend you like with you, perhaps we might catch a few fish and get a decent dinner afterwards; 'tis pleasant weather just now for a holiday."

The reverend gentleman was nothing loth, and we agreed to set forth after an early breakfast on the following morning. I now went to the Town Hall in search of a couple of the city officers, in whom I knew I could confide, and engaging them to be in the neighbourhood of the Fox on the morrow, informed them that they were to remain unobserved, but to keep an eye on the landlord, and, in case of any symptoms of a meditated escape, to take him into custody. This precaution I thought necessary, as it was possible, were he the man I was seeking, he might recollect the face of the shopman who had sold him that green-striped silk three years ago, and slope off without so much as cooking dinner for us. As we emerged from the Town Hall and were

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descending the steps, my eye fell upon a couple of young fellows who, with rods in their hands and creels at their sides, were evidently just returned from a day's fishing. I asked them what sport? got into conversation with them, and following them into the upper parlour of an inn in the Borough Walls, sat down with them to taste the landlord's sparkling ale. The discourse fell upon trouts and trout-fishing, and I made many inquiries as to the different brooks in the neighbourhood. At length Midford was mentioned, and the Fox Inn followed as a matter of course. I pretended to be struck with the name of the landlord of the Fox, and asked who he was, where he came from; could it be my old friend?

"Oh," said one of the young fellows, "Howell can tell you all about him; we'll have him up. Here, waiter, call Mr. Howell." Howell, the publican, made his appearance. "Here's a gentleman wants to know about —, who keeps the Fox at Midford; you can tell all about him."

"Yes," said I; "I want to know—that is, I had a friend of that name some years ago. How long has this man kept the Fox? and what was he before he kept that house?"

"Oh," said the publican, "he han't kept that house many year. He were in the post-office here afore he took to that. He've got a goodish sprinkle of business in summer-time out there, but a doan't do much; 'tis but a leetle place, you know."

"Ah, he is not my friend," said I; "I beg your pardon for troubling you."

"No trouble at all, sir," and the publican departed.

"In the post-office," thought I; "we're on the right trail, as to-morrow will show."

The morrow came, and a glorious day for fishing they said it was. The curate and his friend, and the young draper and I, got into a hired chaise at half-past nine in the morning, and drove off to Midford. We surmounted the long hill and drew up at the door of the Fox in less than an hour. I seized my rod, and pushing my companion before me, made for the brook-side, pretending eagerness for the sport, and begging my companions to order the dinner and then rejoin us. I was afraid lest the landlord should see us, and, disliking our appearance, make himself scarce. I was unwilling, too, to spoil the sport of the party, feeling that after all I might be quite mistaken in my man. The day was warm and calm, but cloudy at times, and the two gentlemen who understood the craft of angling had fair success. The draper and I, on the other hand, made but a sorry affair of it. A dozen times at least the fish ran away with our hooks, and when at length the draper caught one, he broke the rod in getting it out. As for me, I caught none. I was all the while angling for a bigger fish, which, I feared, was lying shy somewhere, and might not be induced to come out of his hole. But these were groundless fears.

The boy came running across the meadow about four o'clock to tell us dinner was ready, and we saw the landlord himself, in his shirt-sleeves and apron, standing on the little plank-bridge by the mill, and signing us to make haste at the distance of a furlong. We found the ducks and green peas smoking on the table, and a neat, comely lass in waiting. I told her to tell the master to bring us a couple of bottles of his best sherry. She disappeared, and in a minute or two the landlord came in, all smiles and good-humour, bottles and corkscrew in hand, and began

drawing the corks. As the wine glugged forth into the decanter the draper started, pulled out his watch, and turning to the unconscious victim of the law, said, "Landlord, oblige me with the exact time by you."

"The exact time," said the o.b.e., "is twenty-six minutes to five, to a second." The die was cast.

The gentlemen all enjoyed their dinner; and, for the matter of that, so did I. The landlord waited upon us with the utmost glee and alacrity; laughed at the passing jokes till the tears ran out of his eyes; took wine with the curate, with whom he was on terms of respectful familiarity, and seemed altogether as happy as a man could be in the enjoyment of the comforts and delights of existence. It went against my heart to think how soon all this would be dashed away from him; but I knew that was a weakness I ought not to entertain. When we had done dinner, and got together all our traps for starting, I ordered the chaise to the door, requested, as the evening was getting cool, to have it closed up, and bade the landlord make out his bill. While our party were packing up their tackle and fish, and loading the chaise, I whispered to the draper that he should ride outside with the driver. I got first into the chaise, and taking out my purse, called to the landlord, as the others were getting in, to come and receive his money. We were all three seated when he came, bill in hand, and, bowing, presented it to me. I took hold of his hand instead of the bill; "Come," said I, "here's room for you," and pulled him, before he was aware of my intent, down upon the seat at my side. I shut the door while he yet thought I was joking, and grasping him firmly by the arm, informed him that he was my prisoner on the charge of stealing from the post-office Mr. Shaw's letter, containing two thousand pounds in Bank of England notes three years ago.

All this had taken place so rapidly, that the curate and his friend in the chaise were only convinced that the whole was not a practical joke when they saw me handcuff the prisoner, and heard me direct the driver to proceed with his utmost speed to the Town Hall in Bath, and they had time to notice the horror-stricken condition of the miserable man in custody. At their request I stopped the chaise at the turnpike-gate, and suffered them to alight, taking up in their stead the two town officers who had been lurking all day in the neighbourhood, and had seen how the affair had been managed. One of them ran back to the Fox for the hat and coat of the prisoner, who groaned bitterly and writhed in agony of spirit, but spoke not a single word during the journey. He was safely lodged in the gaol in Grove Street the same evening, after the hearing of the charge I had to prefer against him. I then went to the post-office to see what chance of evidence inquiry in that quarter would afford. There I learned that the prisoner had been in the frequent habit of calling to see his old colleagues, and occasionally affording them assistance in sorting the letters and making up the bags, his skill, derived from years of experience, being at times of pressure specially acceptable. The postmaster remembered distinctly that he had thus assisted to make up the London mail-bag which ought to have contained the missing money-letter. Upon my demanding why I was not informed of that during the investigation I made at the time, he said it had escaped his memory, and that, further, Mr. — was the last man upon earth whom any one would sus-

pect, and that, notwithstanding appearances, nothing should convince him of the prisoner's guilt.

When the trial came on about six weeks later, the Old Bailey jury were of a very different opinion. The evidence was, in fact, overwhelming. The criminal was identified, not only by the sprightly young lady and her mother, but by several of the tradesmen and shopkeepers who had changed large notes for trifling purchases. He was sentenced to be hanged, and hanged he was in less than a month after the trial, in spite of all the efforts, in furtherance of which no expense was spared, to procure a commutation of the sentence. The day before his execution he made a full confession of his guilt, the only excuse for which, he said, was the force of the temptation, which took him by surprise (he could see too plainly what were the contents of the letter), and which he had not the strength to resist. He did not deny the justice of his punishment, and forgave me as the instrument of it, on the grounds that I had only done my duty. It was not the custom at that time to bury in the prison all who underwent the extreme penalty of the law. In compliance with his last request, I saw his body packed up and forwarded to Bath for interment by his family.

In the first years of the present century the laws against theft were far more severe than they are now. It was thought wise to protect property and commerce by a Draconian code. We have learned better. We no longer make theft a capital crime; and one result of milder laws is seen in the fact that, relatively to our population, we have fewer serious offences.

ADVICE TO BOYS.

WHATEVER you are, be brave, boys!
The liar's a coward and slave, boys:
Though clever at ruses,
And sharp at excuses,
He's a sneaking and pitiful knave, boys.

Whatever you are, be frank, boys!
'Tis better than money and rank, boys:
Still cleave to the right,
Be lovers of light,
Be open, above-board, and frank, boys.

Whatever you are, be kind, boys!
Be gentle in manners and mind, boys:
The man gentle in mien,
Words, and temper, I ween,
Is the gentleman truly refined, boys.

But, whatever you are, be true, boys!
Be visible through and through, boys:
Leave to others the shamming,
The "greening" and "cramming,"
In fun and in earnest, be true, boys!

HENRY DOWNTON.

Varieties.

CAXTON COMMEMORATION.—It will interest many of our readers to know that a *facsimile* of the First Book printed in England has been recently published. For this memorial volume we are indebted to Mr. Elliot Stock, to whose series of reprints this last is perhaps the most valuable addition. This most interesting first English printed book is now generally admitted to be "The Dietes and Sayings of the Philosophers," printed in the Almonry at Westminster, in the year 1477. The original copies from which the reproduction has been made are those preserved in the Library of the British Museum, and in the collection of Samuel Christie-Miller, Esq., at Britwell House, Bucks, the latter being the finest copy known. The Britwell copy is a small folio volume in perfect preservation, very beautifully printed on thick ash-grey paper, with red initial letters; it is one of the most beautiful examples of Caxton's press, and is remarkable for its evenness of colour, clearness, and careful printing. A very fine and perfect copy of this precious volume may be valued at one thousand pounds. In order to render the reproduction an exact *facsimile*, a paper has been manufactured for the work, having all the peculiarities of the original, and the printing is executed by a photographic process which reproduces all the characteristics of the original. An Introduction by Mr. Blades gives a short historical account of the book. (See "Leisure Hour" for May.)

HOT HEAD-DRESSES.—A correspondent says that some years ago, on a very hot day, he was wearing one of the caps lately complained of in these columns, with a leather top, when he found he could not bear his hand on the top of his cap from the excessive heat. The next day he found his memory affected, as he could not remember anything done the day before, and his hair came off by the handful. He immediately bought a cap of a different kind, and a good many others followed his example. This should be looked to by the companies' clothiers, as assuredly railwaymen's heads are sufficiently tried by their employers' working arrangements.—*Railway Service Gazette*.

[A plantain or dock leaf or a cabbage leaf will keep the head cool under any covering.]

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.—By the Council of the Royal Geographical Society the Royal medal for 1876 was awarded to Captain Sir George S. Nares, R.N., for having commanded the Arctic Expedition of 1875-6, during which the ships and sledge parties respectively reached a higher northern latitude than had previously been attained, and a survey was accomplished of 300 miles of coast-line, facing a previously unknown Polar sea; also for his geographical services in command of the Challenger Expedition. And to Pundit Nain Singh, for having added a greater amount to our positive knowledge of the map of Asia than any individual of our time. In his first great journey he for the first time determined the position of Lhasa, the capital of Thibet, besides surveying the course of the great river Tsampo, or Brahmaputra, from near its source to near its entrance into the Himalayan region; in his last he traversed and surveyed the high Plateau of Thibet from its extreme north-west to Lhasa, a line of 1,200 or 1,400 miles of entirely new country. A gold watch, with an appropriate inscription, was at the same time awarded to Captain Albert Markham, R.N., for having commanded the northern division of sledges in the Arctic Expedition of 1875-6, and for having planted the Union Jack in 83 deg. 20 min. 26 sec. N., a higher latitude than had ever been reached by any previous expedition.

A GREEK CHURCH SERMON.—A correspondent of the "Clergyman's Magazine," who writes from one of the islands of the Mediterranean, says: "You will be glad to hear that the Greek Church has taken up preaching as part of its offices, a practice hitherto neglected, there being a sermon every Sunday in most of the churches, either an exposition of the gospel or a homily from a set by Petrides. A numerous body of students also are being educated for the priesthood, and taught to preach. I have heard a few specimens of the style formerly in vogue in the country churches, which was something after this fashion:—The priest comes out of the door in the centre of the screen (εὐκοστώσιον), and addresses the congregation: 'Good morning, gentlemen!' Congregation: 'Good morning, Papa!' Priest: 'This is the festival (πανηγύρις) of so and so, and I am sorry to see that many of you keep it by getting drunk.' Congregation: 'Oh! dear, no, Papa! We never do that.' Priest: 'Oh! yes you do. Now don't do it again. Rejoice after a Christian fashion (εὐφρανέσθι Χριστιανικῶς), and stop at home with your families, instead of sitting smoking all day at the wine and spirit shop (οἶνονεμπο-ποῶν). Good day!' Εὐεχὴ πάντες."